

Third Wheel by NotesInTheMargins

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Awkward Dates, Blow Jobs, M/M, cinema trip

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Jonathon Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-14

Updated: 2018-01-14

Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:21:40

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,006

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Hanging out with his ex girlfriend and her new boyfriend who he used to treat like shit is the last thing that Steve wants to do. Now he's been roped into third wheeling their date.

Enter one: Billy Hargrove

Third Wheel

Author's Note:

So this is my first time writing anything like this and I'm really sorry if it's terrible.

"Hello, Earth to Steve, is anyone there?"

Steve jolts, blinking and lifting his hand to shove Nancy's waving one from in front of his face.

"Sorry, yeah, what were you saying?"

"I was just asking if you're still coming tonight, you know, to hang out with me and Jonathon, I feel like I haven't seen you for ages." Nancy's voice is soft and she looks concerned and sad.

Hanging out with his ex girlfriend and her new boyfriend who he used to treat like shit is the last thing that Steve wants to do. However, he also really doesn't want to be alone, which he will be if he says no. His parents are out of town for the weekend and his house feels too big and empty.

"Yeah, of course-" he nods his head "what are we doing?"

"I was thinking we could go see that new movie that's out, The Breakfast Club, maybe go to the diner after?" She asks and it sounds exactly like Steve's going to be third wheeling date night.

"Sounds good" it sounds terrible. Honestly, when did he become so pathetic? His only friends are a group of middle schoolers and his ex girlfriend.

The bell ringing pulls him from his thoughts. He grabs his books and stands up from the table, nodding goodbye to Nancy as he rushes to his next class.

He zones out the rest of the day, taking notes in class that make no sense and failing a mock test in one of his science classes. When the final bell rings at the end of the day all he wants to do is find

somewhere to hide; just avoid Nancy and Jonathon for the rest of the day. He can't do that though, the last thing he wants to do is hurt Nancy's feelings.

Nancy corners him at his locker to tell him to be at the cinema for 7 for "the Breakfast Club, Steve, it's going to be great! Me and Jonathon will meet you there" and he nods at her absentmindedly, ignoring her look of concern as he grabs his stuff. When she doesn't leave he quickly says "yeah, Nance, I'll meet you both there." And watches as she finally begins walking down the corridor towards Jonathon.

"So the rumours are true then, huh, Steve?"

Steve had honestly thought his day couldn't get any worse. Leave it to Tommy to prove him wrong though. He slams his locker door shut and turns, bag in hand. Tommy is leaning against the lockers across from him, Billy Hargrove digging through his own locker to his left and Carol wrapped around his right side.

"What rumours would that be?"

"The ones about you, the princess and the freak. Couldn't have her all to yourself so now you're sharing her."

Steve laughs, because, what the fuck, is that really what people are saying. Then he shrugs and asks, "can you blame me?" and walks away because he is not about to let Tommy Hackett get to him.

"Enjoy your date, Harrington"

Steve doesn't want to look, but he does, throws a glance over his shoulder to catch Hargrove's wink as the younger boy runs his tongue over his teeth and grins at him. Steve quickly faces forward again, ignoring the slight twitch of his cock. He is not turned on by Hargrove god damn it.

Steve's been feeling all weird around Hargrove ever since the younger boy and him had been stuck in detention together and Billy had apologised. Steve had been shocked and covered it with a snappy "I'm not the only person you should be saying sorry to, Hargrove."

They hadn't spoken again for the rest of detention until they were able to leave and Billy threw a "bye pretty boy" over his shoulder as he left.

The next day Steve had received a detailed report from Dustin of Billy's apology to the kids which Steve believes went something along the lines of "sorry I was such a dick, didn't mean to scare you all" with something a little more heartfelt spoken to Lucas afterwards.

Ever since then Billy had been acting strange around Steve. He was still brutal during basketball, shoving Steve over and taunting him about losing, but now he actually helps Steve up and pats his back as they're leaving. Sometimes he even compliments Steve; just "good game, Harrington" or "you played well today, that was a good shot towards the end." Steve just doesn't know what to make of it.

It's almost four when he gets back home, his mind still swirling with thoughts of Billy's comments, winks and leers. The house looks cold and dark and empty and he really doesn't want to go inside. He stays in his car, lets his thoughts wash over him instead. Thoughts he normally tries to suppress because he really shouldn't be thinking of Billy Hargrove like this.

Just this once, though, he allows it. He lets his mind take him back to just last week.

"Harrington, Hargrove, stay back a second" their coach calls, stopping the two boys on their way to the showers. The game had been intense, Steve had been wound up all day after an argument with Tommy and had taken out his anger in the game, only losing to Billy's team by two points.

The coach keeps them in conversation for a few minutes, talking game tactics, extra practice and the possibility of having them both play on the same side to see how well they'll play together.

The showers are all free when the coach finally lets them go, the rest of their team mates pulling their clothes on and getting ready to leave.

"Hargrove, you're still coming to the party tonight, right? Vicki's

going to be there”

Steve quickly heads to the showers, not willing to stick around for a conversation about a party he wasn't invited to. He's no longer King Steve and the whole party scene just doesn't appeal to him anymore.

Stepping under the spray of the water feels heavenly and he closes his eyes as the rest of the boys file out of the locker room. The shower next to his turns on then and Steve ignores it, keeps his eyes closed and lets the water soothe his tense muscles.

“That was a good game, pretty boy”

Hargrove's voice breaks the silence. Steve opens his eyes then, finally glances over at the other boy to catch a grin. He thinks that Hargrove looks good like that, when he smiles.

“Yeah” he mutters uncertainly because this is new ground he's stepping on and he really doesn't want his ass kicked again.

Hargrove is still looking at him though, still smiling, so Steve quickly tacks on a “almost beat you” to the end. He doesn't expect Billy to laugh.

“Yeah, almost, maybe next time”

Then Hargrove's eyes aren't on his anymore, and Steve's cheeks burn as the younger boys gaze drops lower, running down the length of his body. He watches as the other boys mouth opens, tongue sliding out to run along his teeth and he can't help but wonder what else that tongue can do. He feels his dick twitch, blood rushing South and fuck he hopes Hargrove didn't notice that.

Steve shuts off his shower then, quickly grabbing a towel to wrap around his waist and rushes to his locker to get dressed. The sound of Hargrove's laughter following him.

Steve sighs. Billy fucking Hargrove is fucking with his head. He steps out of the car, slams the door shut and drags himself to his house.

The next couple of hours pass by in a blur. He tries to make sense of his notes, he gets ready, he makes food, he changes his clothes again,

he finishes his homework and then he leaves.

It's 18:55 when he makes it to the cinema. Nancy and Jonathon are already stood by the main entrance waiting for him.

"Hey Steve" Nancy waves; smiles a nice friendly smile from where she's snuggled up against her boyfriend's side.

"Hey, Nance, Jonathon" he nods to them both, pulling one hand from his jacket pocket to wave at them.

"Let's go get the tickets then, we're really glad you could join us, Steve" Nancy sounds happy, sounds like she really is glad Steve could come. Jonathon looks like he feels about as awkward as Steve does about this whole situation.

Steve nods, "yeah, eh, why don't you guys get the tickets and I'll go get some snacks?"

He doesn't wait for an answer, just walks towards the snacks and buys way more than the three of them can possibly eat. If he's doing this he's drowning his sorrows in sugar as he does.

"The movie starts at half past but we can go in early" it's the first time Steve's heard Jonathon speak all day. The quiet teen leads the way into the room, followed by Nancy, followed by a reluctant Steve.

Their seats are at the back. They all file along the row. Steve wonders how long the movie is going to last, and how he can get out of going to the diner with them afterwards because this is just too awkward.

People slowly start to fill up the seats in the cinema. Mostly people their age, some a bit older. A young couple come in and sit towards the front, their heads bowed together. A group of girls Steve recognises from the year below Nancy come in together, giggling and holding two buckets of popcorn between them.

It's during the opening credits when someone Steve really didn't expect to see here walks in. Billy Hargrove. His arm is wrapped around the shoulders of a short brunette girl in a brightly coloured skirt. Steve thinks she's maybe the girl who gave him a cheesy Valentine's Day card whilst they were in middle school.

Billy's in a faded, brown leather jacket and a red shirt that's only half buttoned up. His jeans, as usual, are tight and Steve watches his ass as he leads the girl to their seats, and then he jolts, because why the fuck is he watching Hargrove's ass?

The younger teen glances over his shoulder, knowing smirk on his face as he winks at Steve. Steve kind of wants to die. This third wheeling thing was bad enough without Hargrove sitting three rows ahead of him.

"Hey, Steve, you alright?" Nancy asks as the characters are introduced on screen, making their way to Saturday detention.

"Yeah, I'm good" and then he shoves a handful of popcorn in his mouth so she won't ask him anymore questions.

Steve tries to focus on the movie then. He tries to ignore Nancy and Jonathon holding hands beside him and whispering to each other about the movie. He tries to ignore Billy Hargrove sitting just feet in front of him with a pretty girl all over him.

He tries. He does a pretty damn good job of it too.

Shoving his face with popcorn, laughing when it's appropriate, cursing himself when his eyes stray. He's managing just fine, thank you.

He stops doing so fine when the breakfast club are on their mission to Bender's locker.

He glances sideways, for just a second. Just in time to watch Jonathon lift his and Nancy's joined hands and lay a kiss on the back of hers. Just in time to watch her smile at him and lean in close.

He feels awkward. He feels like he's intruding on a private moment.

He waits until Jonathon lowers their hands back down before leaning over and nudging Nancy with his shoulder. "I'll be a minute" he says, pushing himself up from his seat and walking to the door of the cinema.

He doesn't go far, just leans against the wall outside. His eyes slip

closed as he leans there and ignores his hair falling into his face, and the bottom corner of a poster on the wall digging into his shoulder blade, and just lets the muffled sound of the movie playing through the closed door wash over him.

It's peaceful.

One calm moment of serenity where he's not sat next to Nancy Wheeler and the boy she loves more than she ever could love him. One moment where he's not sat in a house that's too big for just him when his parents are away.

One moment. That's all he gets. Then the door is opening and heavy footsteps are stepping out and Steve thinks, Jonathon.

"Look, sorry man, I just-" but it's not Jonathon standing in front of him. No, he's staring into bright blue eyes and a smirking face.

"Date not going well, Harrington?"

"What's it to you, Hargrove?"

Billy shrugs, mutters "nothing" and then pulls a packet of cigarettes from his shirt pocket. "Want one?" Steve shakes his head. The younger boy lights up and takes a drag.

"Take it there's not much truth to those rumours then. Your dates in there don't seem very inclusive" Billy's voice is deep, husky. Almost seductive.

"It's not a date" Steve grumbles.

"You sure-" Billy puts his hand on the door to the cinema, ready to push, "wanna take another look? It sure looks like they're on a nice little date."

Steve definitely doesn't need another look.

"What about your date?" He asks instead.

"Boring. Not who I came here for anyway."

Billy does that thing again. Scanning his eyes down Steve's body, making the older boy flush. Then he smirks at Steve, takes another drag of his cigarette and tilts his head to the left slightly.

"Come on" and then he's walking, not even looking back to check if Steve is following.

There's a small part of him that wants to turn around, go back into the the cinema and just leave Billy hanging. There's a much bigger part that wants nothing more than to avoid seeing Nancy and Jonathon looking like they're on a nice little date.

So he follows Billy. Hands shoved into his pockets and no idea what he's walking towards.

Billy leads the way to a disabled toilet. He holds the door for Steve who can't help but think sarcastically what a gentleman.

Once they're both inside Billy locks the door, then he's stepping towards Steve and raking his eyes over the slightly taller teens body and he looks predatory. Steve steps back, hands still tucked into his pockets. Billy follows him. Steve takes one last step back before his back is pressed against the cold tiles of the toilet wall.

Billy quickly closes the gap between them, pressing up against Steve until all the younger boy can see is Billy, until all he can smell is faded leather and cologne and something that is undeniably Billy.

"Christ..." he whispers, eyes closing as Billy somehow draws even closer. Steve's heart is hammering and he feels hot all over and then Billy is kissing him.

Billy's lips are soft against his own and his stubble is rough against Steve's cheek. Steve's frozen for all of two seconds and then he's kissing back, pressing his own lips to Billy's, opening his mouth and sliding his tongue out to meet the other boys.

Billy's hands are searing hot against his hips, his fingers digging into the rough fabric of Steve's jeans. Their tongues are sliding against each other and now all Steve can taste is Billy.

He slides one hand around Billy's waist, fingers clenching into his

leather jacket. His other hand comes up to Billy's face, resting against the other boys cheek.

It's Billy who pulls away first, biting at Steve's lip as he does so.

"Fuck, Harrington, you're hot when you're all flushed" he whispers and then he's grinding his hips against Steve's, his hands dragging Steve's hips forward to meet his own. Steve gasps.

The hand on Billy's face slides lower to the other boys shoulder and his fingers tighten in his leather jacket and he's holding on. Billy's grinds again, his hard cock against Steve's, separated only by their jeans and the thin cotton of Steve's boxers. The friction has Steve moaning.

"Yeah, you like that pretty boy?" And he's moving his hips rhythmically now, sliding their clothed erections together again and again and Steve throws his head back.

"Yes" he hisses, moving the hand on Billy's back down to his jean clad ass. Billy presses another kiss to his lips, all tongue and teeth and muffled moans.

Steve pulls away, turns his head to the side and gasps when Billy drags his tongue up the side of his neck.

"We, ah, fuck, Billy, we shouldn't be, mmm..." and fuck Steve feels like he's going to explode.

"No? You wanna stop this? Go back and join your dates inside?" Billy asks.

No, Steve thinks, he really fucking doesn't want that.

Billy presses his lips to Steve's neck, peppering gentle kisses down his jawline until he reaches his pulse point. Steve's eyes close as Billy's sinful tongue swipes over that spot once, twice and then he's sucking and grinding his hips forward all at once and Steve is moaning embarrassingly loud.

Steve's head is thrown back, resting against the tiled wall. His cheeks are flushed and his mouth parted as he lets out little moans, jutting

his hips forward to try and find friction against Billy.

Billy thinks that's a fucking sight to behold.

He moves his hands from Harrington's hips to undo the button of his jeans and pull the zip down.

Steve's eyes shoot open then, wide and desperate and so fucking eager.

Billy grins at him, all teeth and gleaming eyes, and then he drops down to his knees and with one harsh tug, Harrington's jeans are around his knees.

"Oh god" Steve whispers as Billy leans forward and sucks the thin fabric that's tented over Steve's hard cock. "Fuck, Hargrove"

Billy sucks and licks and nibbles against the fabric until Steve's a moaning mess, hips jerking forward as his hands slide against the tiles behind him, trying to find purchase on the smooth wall.

"Please, fuck, Billy"

Billy finally reaches up and grabs ahold of Steve's boxers, slowly pulling the fabric down and freeing the boys hardened flesh to the cold air in the small room. He reaches a hand up, wrapping around the engorged flesh and listens to the pretty little gasps that leaves Harrington's lips.

Steve glances down and takes in the sight of Billy Hargrove on his knees, hand wrapped around his dick and mouth inches from the swollen head.

"I see why they called you King Steve" Billy says, sliding his hand up and down Steve's flesh before leaning forward and swiping his tongue over the head, collecting the precome leaking out. Steve's hips jerk forward and Billy laughs.

"Ah, ah, ah, pretty boy, hold still or I'll stop" he says before moving forward and wrapping his lips around Steve's aching cock. He sucks the head of Steve's cock into his mouth, sealing his lips around the heated flesh, and slides his tongue against the slit and along the

underside. His hands are sliding up Steve's thighs, fingertips grazing the flesh of his inner thighs.

"Please..." He begs, and Billy moans in response, sliding his lips further down Steve's length.

Billy's own dick is hard in his jeans, straining against the fabric but he ignores it, raising his hands up to Steve's ass instead and digging his fingers into the flesh as he takes in more of Steve's dick, sucking and slurping around the older boy.

Steve's gasping, digging his fingers into the edges of the tiles to try and stop himself from moving forward and just fucking Billy's mouth.

Billy pulls back up then, tonguing the head of Steve's dick before slurping him back down, pushing against Steve's ass until his nose is brushing against the curled hairs around the base of his dick.

Billy moans then, loud and guttural, before pulling back, sucking as he slides his lips up the length of Steve's dick. He slurps obscenely around the flesh and glances up at Steve, maintaining eye contact as he moves his tongue around him, sliding his mouth up and down the length again and again. There's spit dripping down his chin when Steve's hip stutters forward. He moves one hand from Steve's ass then, palming the older boy's balls and sliding the fingers of his other hand between Steve's cheeks.

"Hargrove, Billy, Fuck, I'm gonna..." Steve's gasping, hips periodically jolting forwards. Billy rubs a finger over the other boy's hole then and slides his tongue around the head of Steve's cock and then Steve's coming. Thick hot come shooting into Billy's mouth.

Billy keeps sucking as Steve's cock softens in his mouth, only pulling back when the other boy lets out a small moan of discomfort and pulls back. Then he's standing up, his arousal clearly evident against his jeans. He's sure there's precome smeared along the inside of the fabric.

Steve glances down and Christ he has no idea what he is even doing right now. He reaches out one tentative hand, brushing his fingers against the jean-clad bulge.

Billy steps back. He winks at Steve before reaching down to undo his jeans at an agonisingly slow pace. Steve watches, his spent dick twitching between his legs.

When Hargrove finally frees his dick from its confines Steve stares unabashedly. The flesh is almost purple in colour with pearly white beads of precome decorating the tip and smeared around the head.

Billy wraps his hand around his flesh, pumping up and down and watches Steve watching him. Steve's eyes are glued to his actions and Billy can already feel the heat building. His dicks throbbing and fuck he wants to see his come dripping down Harrington's pale thighs.

He jerks his hips forward into his fist, twisting his hand slightly around the head of his cock before sliding it back down to the base. On the next upward stroke he moves his thumb, sliding it along the slit at the tip.

He's so close, and Harrington's eyes are trained on his dick, his hands twitching like he wants to touch. Billy shuffles forward a step, lets his eyes drop down to Harrington's mouth and watches as the older boy's tongue pokes out to wet his lower lip.

Then Harrington is stepping forward and he catches Billy's eyes, takes a deep, nervous breathe and whispers "come on me, Billy."

Billy fucking explodes, his come shooting across Steve's thighs, some hitting the tiles behind him.

"Shit, Harrington" he groans as he strokes himself through his orgasm.

When he's done he moves to the sink. He quickly washes his hands and tucks himself away before moving over to Steve.

"You alright there, pretty boy?"

"Yeah, yeah, fuck, that was hot"

Steve sounds out of breathe, but he's smiling as Billy steps back and gives him a once over before grinning and saying "you look hot."

Steve blushes, glancing down at himself.

“Yeah, I should clean up” he goes to move over to the sink when Billy grabs his arm and stops him.

Steve glances back at him, “What?”

Billy doesn't answer, just crouches down and pulls Steve's boxers and jeans up his come covered thighs. He pulls up the zip and fastens the button and even straightens out Steve's shirt, smirking at the small smattering of come on the bottom of the fabric.

“Billy, what, that's just-“ and Billy kisses him. One quick peck before whispering “enjoy the rest of the movie” and unlocking the door, stepping out and heading back into the cinema.

Steve waits a minute before following after him.

Once he's back in his seat, shifting uncomfortably because of the cooling come on his thighs, Nancy turns to him.

“Are you okay, Steve, you were gone a while?”

His cheeks are flushed when he nods and he hopes she can't tell in the darkened cinema room as he responds.

“Yeah, Nance, I'm great”

Author's Note:

So, as said at the top, I've never written a sex scene, which you can probably tell, and I've also just started a multi chapter story (which I'm updating on Wednesday after my essays are handed in) so writing this was a completely illogical decision.

I'm sorry if it's terrible but I just really love this ship.